MISCELLANY.

DEFEAT.

He took her hand and looked at her;
No sound did that deep stillness stir;
Even the weary, wandering rain
Had ceased to beat upon the pane;
Only about the perfect mouth
A sigh more faint than the faint south
Hovered a moment's space, and then
Died into nothingness again.

The words he spoke were brief and slow—
What could he say, she did not know.
What pulse of that impetuous soul
But owned her calm, serene control?
No need for him to test her heart
With cunning fence of verbal art;
Only to ask and wait her will,
And winning, losing, love her still.

Perhaps she wavered—aye, perhaps
The shadow of the cloud that wraps
The future from our questioning gaze
Let in some glimpse of after-days;
Some hint of all she might possess
In that true spirit's tenderness,
If but her weaker life might move
Unto the music of his love.

Perhaps! who knows? He only knew
The large gray eyes were dim with dew;
Saw only on the mouth's sweet bloom
The shadow of reluctant doom;
Felt only one sad, gentle word—
And then through that deep stillness heard
Once more the weary, wandering rain
Beat dull against the window-pane.

—BARTON GREY.

A CALIFORNIA ETCHING.

BY ARTHUR M'EWEN.

The District Attorney of Murderer's Bar stood up to his knees in the Yuba. But as his rubber boots came as high as his hips there was no fear of his getting wet, as he made the muddy river muddler by his unceasing labor at the rocker.

Distance lent beauty and picturesqueness to the District Attorney. A near view disclosed several details that were not creditable to the guardian of the honor of Murderer's Bar. His red shirt, that, a hundred feet off would have set an artist sketching incontinently, at ten would have made a laundryman groan. At photograph distance his mother would have wept, for although the District Attorney had only been away from Yale two years, and in California one, his nose had acquired a color that, like the hue of a choice meerschaum, could only have been gained by steady effort. If the parson of his native town could have been concealed on the bank of the Yuba, he would have changed his opinion of the District Attorney's piety, for although the young man was of excellent family, he took a clay pipe from between his teeth and swore ably at the poor results of an hour's hard washing, lying at the bottom of the rocker. Then he looked up at the sun and transferred his profanity to that body, as he took off his slouched hat and wiped his forehead with his sleeve. As the District Attorney thus stood scratching his matted head, a bravely arrayed figure, bestriding a gayly caparisoned mule, trotted down the bank and cried out:

"I say, sur, are ye the boss lahyer ov the bar?"

"I am," said the District Attorney, putting on his hat.

"Are ye on the marry?" the stranger asked pleasantly, as he got off the mule and took a seat on the rock by the waters' edge.

"Eh?"

"Is marrying in yer line?"

"I don't catch your meaning," said the District Attorney, anxiously.

"I mean have ye iver done any marryin' yerself," explained the stranger, leisurely cutting a pipeful from a plug of tobacco.

"Well, no," said the District Attorney.

"Why?"

"Bekase I'd like to splice myself an' Mary Brady over at the Flat the night—Mary, ye know, daughter of Ould Brady, what keeps the deadfall, kin ye do it?"

"Oh, certainly," said the District Attorney, without hesitation.

"Well, come on thin—there's a horse fur ye at the cabin beyant."

Brown, who is a distinguished lawyer now, with no bad habits, had his doubts about it. He had never heard of a district attorney marrying people before. But he remorsefully reflected that his studies in his profession had not been profound. Any way, it was reasonable to suppose that law, like morals and religion, might relax in the California atmosphere on this occasion. And so Brown has said: "I made up my mind to risk it and go with Mr. Finnegan over to the Flat. Besides, I have always prided myself on a good memory, so I hadn't any doubt, after my pious bringing up, that I could remember the marriage service perfectly."

The wedding was to be celebrated at the Cosmopolitan saloon—Mr. Finnegan had been irreverent in calling it a deadfall—and the District Attorney found a large and tipsy company making a tremendous noise, and pledging the expectant bride in raw rum, pending the arrival of the bridegroom and himself. The company was larger than select. The whole male population had come out as a matter of course, despising the formality of waiting for invitations. There were only three ladies—the bride and her mother and Mrs. Gen. Hardinge—the wife of Gen. Hardinge, who was stopping for a few days at the Flat with a view to investment. Mr. Brady having got money and lands, by means of the Cosmopolitan, took an interest in the General, and his beautifully dressed lady got an invitation. There were several other ladies living at the Flat, but I regret to say they were not such as could be invited to a wedding.

It was a very lively assemblage. Old Brady himself could hardly keep his feet, and refused to charge for his rum—something that is handed down in the Flat to this day—for when Brady was sober, or even ordinarily drunk, he was a great skinflint. The boys were sitting round the tables playing cards or standing at the bar in knots. Everybody was speaking at once, and everybody was anxious to drink his glass with everybody else in honor of the bride. The healthy young lass sat between her mother and the General's lady, who were perfect batteries of sorrowing sympathy. Poor Miss Brady was red as a piece of cinnabar, with the excitement and the attention, and an occasional bashful sip of watered rum, a dozen tumblers of which beverage were constantly extended by gallant hands. Gen. Hardinge, the only man present who wore a white shirt, and his was very large and white indeed, kept near the blushing Miss Brady, and roused the envy of every flatterer by his suave manners and handsome person.

"Gintilmin, come to orther!" cried Mr. Brady, thickly, and knocking a glass on the counter in a shambling way; "the lahyer's come."

A deep silence fell upon the bar-room of the Cosmopolitan, as this important truth was given forth. And a great many jaws dropped, and numerous pairs of arms became burdens to their owners, as the District Attorney gravely followed Mr. Finnegan, who, looking neither to the right nor left, stalked solemnly to the side of the bride. Everybody felt oppressed and uncomfortable, somewhat as one would feel on being presented at court, if ignorant of the etiquette. Gen. Hardinge, in his slight embarrassment, sullingly lifted a pack of cards and shuffled them mechanically. One-eyed Jim, the gambler, took advantage of the occasion to slip an ace up his sleeve, and winked at Gen. Hardinge when he saw that gentleman observing him.

"Hould on," murmured Mr. Brady, swaying behind the bar. "Mr. Lahyer, have a sup before the work." "Thank you," said the District Attorney, glad of any excuse for delay, for he found with alarm that his memory was not near so strong on the church service as he thought. But he knew that it wouldn't do at all to look embarrassed, so he drank gracefully to the bride, and taking on a grave frown, he buttoned his shirt at the neck, and turned to the gaping assemblage.

"The friends will please gather in a circle." While this was being done on tiptoe, the District Attorney scowled impressively. "The gentleman and lady about to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony will now please to stand up—so. We will begin at your convenience, madam."

This was addressed to the maternal Brady, who, as if to add to the agony of the purple bridegroom's position, had thrown her arms around her daughter's neck and set up a howl. The General's lady came to the rescue, and drew off the fond mother in the midst of her lamentations, and soon the fearfully constrained silence was restored.

"Dearly beloved brethren (hem)!" began the District Attorney in a sepulchral tone—"dearly beloved bretbren;" he paused again to blow his nose and scowl around at the Flatters, who looked guilty—"Dearly beloved brethren, we are gathered here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to—to—in fact, to marry Mr. Finnegan and Miss Brady." The District Attorney cleared his throat and seemed to challenge contradiction. "This is commended of St. Paul to be honorable among all men." Here the Attorney looked solemnly around again. One or two of the Flatters nodded assent, and Lanky Tom went so far as to murmur, "You bet, yer." "And therefore," continued Brown, "is not to be entered into slightly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God, the laws of California—and—." The District Attorney, being in the mess again, had resource to his pocket-handkerchief. The Flatters improved the opportunity to relieve themselves by changing their positions and sighing. Mr. Finnegan drew out a colored handkerchief to mop his brow, and the bride accepted a sip from the tumbler offered by the gallant General. Old Brady still smiled behind the bar and nodded approvingly.

"As I have said," resumed the attorney desperately, "it should not be entered into lightly, but reverently, discreetly, and—and—in short, Miss Brady, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"

Miss Brady, after an anxious look at the General's lady, murmured that she would.

"And you, Mr. Finnegan—wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

"Ay," said Mr. Finnegan, stoutly.

Again the District Attorney was hopelessly struck. He scowled and pulled out his handkerchief once more.

"And so you both say you will, do you?" Brown asked this as if clinching some damaging admission of a witness.

"Yes sur," said Mr. Finnegan, with the air of standing by his colors at all hazards.

"You do?"

"Yes, we do." Mr. Finnegan was becoming nettled. There was no time to lose.

"Then hold up your hands. You Michael Finnegan, and you Mary Brady, do solemnly swear that you tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and the truth only so help you God?"

"Yis," gasped Mr. Finnegan.

"Then, according to the laws of California and the United States, I pronounce you man and wife. And," added the District Attorney, with his eyes rolled up—"What God hath joined let no man put asunder—amen!"

No calm or decorous pen can describe the extravagances of congratulation that followed this impressive ceremony. Mrs. Brady afterwards was carried up-stairs, and forty minutes later the bridegroom was also borne to his chamber insensible. After these to-be-expected preliminaries the company settled down to solid enjoyment. In three hours after the retirement of the bride, every table was a roof to at least one deeply slumbering Flatter. By midnight only a party of four had not succumbed. Their employment was poker. Gen. Hardinge and One-eyed Jim for a vis-a-vis, and the District Attorney sat opposite Lanky Tom. They were playing with that self-possessed excitement and quick-eyed eagerness belonging to old poker devotees.

"Bet an ounce," said the General, in the professional low tone, and reaching over to snuff the candle.

"I'm out," said the District Attorney, so softly as scarcely to be heard above the snores and gasps of the sleepers, who covered the floor.

"So'm I," said Lanky Jim, giving a sharp little kick, to a gentleman on whom he was warming his feet, for moving.

"See your ounce and raise you two," said One-eyed Jim.

"Five better," quoth the General.

"See it—call."

"Four kings."

"You stole 'em," said One-eyed Jim, drawing his revolver and putting his hand on the pile of gold.

"You lie" answered the General, and shot him through the head.

It was done before poor One-eyed Jim could raise his pistol, and as the General would in all probability have been killed himself but for his promptness, nobody can blame him. Whether or not he stole the kings is another irrelevant question.

This was the view taken of it by the Flat next morning, and as a public manifestation of confidence in the purity of the General's motives, every Flatter felt it a duty to ask the General to drink. And then, poor One-eyed Jim had not been a favorite at the Flat. His profession having been poker, many of the Flatters recalled sundry losses, and had their private belief in an over-ruling Providence strengthened.

But there was nothing mean about the Flat. It cheerfully voted a holiday to bury One-eyed Jim. The District Attorney was again pressed into the service as Master of the Ceremonies. A party was detailed to dig the grave in an old claim that once had been the property of the deceased.

One-eyed Jim in life had a habit of cursing this possession as a means of driving him to poker, for he had never seen the color in it after months of patient working. Another party knocked up a rough coffin for the body, and then after a solemn drink all round, the funeral cortege left the Cosmopolitan—the coffin on a rough bier, and Gen. Hardinge following, as chief mourner—for the General feelingly declared that no one more than himself regretted the gentleman's misfortune.

The District Attorney began to think he had mistaken his profession. Previous to the funeral, and while drinking at the bar with the General, he had confided to that gentleman that the ministry might have been a more congenial field. He also made a secret resolve to brush up on the sacraments. We may write it to the credit of the District Attorney that he made no pretence of following the burial service over the body of poor One-eyed Jim. He spoke movingly of the uncertainty of life and the many accidents incident peculiarly to this new Western civilization. "The gentleman who has been the unwilling cause of this unfortunate fellow-citizen's decease," said the District Attorney, looking soberly around among the solemn crowd, and indicating the General, who stood at the head of the grave, hat in hand, with a woe-begone expression, "must, while regretting the necessity, thank God that no lower law than that universal one of self-preservation has—" At this instant, to the astonishment of every one, the General threw up his hat with a shout of joy and jumped into the grave. In a second he stood up with his head just above the surface, and called aloud to the amazed crowd as he exhibited a half-ounce nugget: "Gentlemen, I give notice that I take up this claim for sixty yards; two hundred feet each side, with all its dips, spurs, etc., according to the laws of the mining district of Brandy Flat."

The body of poor One-eyed Jim was not buried that day, nor the next, nor the next, for all Brandy Flat was wild with tearing up the new diggings and taking out the chunks of gold that have made the Flat famous. Then the disagreeable duty was done by the District Attorney and Mr. Finnegan at night, in ground that they made sure was not auriferous.

"That marriage of Finnegan's was a lucky speculation for me," Mr. Brown says, when talking of '49, "for besides getting seven hundred dollars from the bridegroom for my services, I had a quarrel with the rascally General. He wasn't so quick with me as he had been with poor Jim, so I had the satisfaction of burying him beside that poor fellow two days after, and then I jumped his claim and made my fortune.—*Oakland (Cal.) Home Journal.*

The Strasburg Clock.

Within the Strasburg Cathedral is the famous astronomical clock, the most celebrated that ever existed. It is about twenty feet high, and was preceded by another of monstrous size, of which nothing remains. The present clock at Strasburg was begun by Conradus Dasypodius, professor of mathematics, in 1571, and completed in 1574; and it is related that the original artisan of the clock (for several workmen were employed on it) became blind before he had completed his work; but, notwithstanding, he finished it himself, refusing to inform any one else of the design, and preferring to complete it, blind as he was.

In this curious piece of mechanism the revolutions of the sun, the moon, and the planets are marked down with scientific exactness; and the instruments of these motions are hid in the body of a pelican, which is portrayed under the globe on which the signs are seen. The eclipses which are to be seen for years to come are marked on it. On Sunday the sun is drawn about on his chariot till the day is spent, when he is drawn into another place; and as he disappears you have Monday—that is, the moon—and the horses of Mars' chariot showing forth their heads, and so on for every day in the week. There is a dial for the minutes of the hour, so that you see every minute pass. Two beautiful figures of children are joined to either side of this. The one on the north side has a scepter in his hand, and when the clock strikes he tells every stroke. The other, on the south side, holds an hour-glass in his hand, which runs exactly with the clock, and when the clock has struck he turns his glass. There are also four little bells, on which the quarters of an hour are struck. At the first quarter comes forth a little boy, and strikes the first bell with an apple, and then goes and stays at the fourth bell until the next quarter. Then comes a youth, and he with a dart strikes two bells, and succeeds into the place of the child. At the third quarter comes a man-at-arms with a halberd in his hand, who strikes three bells, and then he succeeds to the place of the youth. At the fourth quarter comes an old man with a staff having a crook at the end, and with much difficulty, being old, strikes the four bells, and stands at the fourth quarter till the next quarter. Immediately comes Death to strike the clock, who is in a room above the others: and you must understand that at each quarter he had come forth to carry away with him each of the former ages, but at the opposite end of the room where he is comes forth Christ, and drives him in; but, when the last quarter is heard, Christ gives him leave to go to the bell, which is in the midst, and so he strikes the proper hour with his bone, and stands at his bell till the next quarter. At noon the twelve apostles advance in succession to bend down before the figure of our Savior, who gives them the benediction.

In a tower at the top of the clock there are pleasant chimes, which sound at three, seven and eleven o'clock, each time in different tunes; and at Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide they chime a thanksgiving unto Christ; and when this chime is finished a cock, which stands on the top of the tower, stretches out his wings, and crows three times.

This is said to be the most curious piece of clock-work in Europe, though there are many wonderful old clocks in different parts of the Continent, in the great cities and cathedrals.

A Sand-Wasp at Work.

Some species of the family of wasps have the habit of digging cylindrical holes in the ground, in which they bury some insect, sometimes a spider, sometimes a grasshopper, and sometimes some other variety of insect. A wasp which we recently watched, had dug a slanting hole about an inch deep. The process of digging was as follows:

Using its head as a pickaxe, it loosened the earth, and, after detaching a sufficient quantity, it took the loosened earth up in its fore legs, which were used as arms, backed swiftly out of the hole, dropped it, and went directly back. This it continued to do until the pile at the mouth of the hole became so large as to be troublesome; it then threw the earth back digging as a dog digs, with its fore legs, throwing the earth back between the others. After leveling the pile, it dug as before until another pile had accumulated. By this process it proceeded quite rapidly, digging its length in a short time. It worked for some time in this way, then flew away four or five yards from its hole, seized a large grasshopper which it had previously prepared, and began to drag it toward the hole. With its mouth it took the grasshopper by the *antennæ*, or feelers, as they are commonly called, and walked off, dragging the insect after it. Their heads were pointed in the same direction, the wasp's legs being over the grasshopper's back. Although encumbered by such a load, the wasp walked without much difficulty, making good time in the direction of its hole, and not stopping until within a foot or two of its destination. The grasshopper had been stung nearly to death, but there was some life remaining, not enough, however to allow it to escape. After leaving the grasshopper, the wasp commenced digging again in the same manner as before. It worked for some time, then drew the insect to within an inch or two of the hole, and after this dug a little more. This it continued to do until the hole had been made of sufficient size. As soon as this was the case, it drew the grasshopper the remaining distance to its burial-place, leaving it with its head pointed down the hole; then, taking it by the *antennæ*, the wasp tried to back into the burrow, pulling its victim headforemost after it. It is worthy of notice that all the time before, the heads of the two insects were in the same direction, the wasp being over the back of the grasshopper, but when directly in front of the hole, it took the insect by the *antennæ*, and pulled it in, the wasp going backward. In this way both could enter at the same time, as they could not the other way. At the first trial, the efforts of the wasp failed; for this reason, it dragged the grasshopper to one side, and began to enlarge the hole. It then made another trial, again dragging the insect so that its head pointed down the hole. This time it was successful. As soon as the grasshopper was safely deposited at the bottom of the hole, the wasp came out and began to throw in the sand which had accumulated. It would throw in a little with its fore legs, and then go in and smooth over with its head what had been thrown in. It continued to work in this manner until the hole was full. It seemed careful not to get in any little sticks or stones; if any were thrown in, it would bring them out.

The whole process before described was completed in about half an hour, the wasp all the time working very industriously. The object of its work was to provide food for its offspring; these are grubs, which, when hatched, are not able to provide for themselves. The wasp deposits its eggs in the hole with some insect which it buries in the manner described, and when the larvæ hatch out, they have food provided for them. It buries the insect alive to prevent decomposition before the eggs are hatched.—*Youths' Companion.*

The Stomachs of Cows.

In one class of herbivorous animals there is a remarkable variation in the form of the passage to the stomach. They have indeed usually been described as having four stomachs, but this is not quite true, for they have properly but one, which does not differ very much in form and structure from that of any other animal—but there are several large cavities through which the food has to pass before it reaches this.

The first of these is very large; the animal collects a quantity of grass and hay sufficient to fill this, and then lies down to enjoy it at his leisure. He just causes it to pass little by little into another cavity which is on the other side, and somewhat smaller. The interior of this cavity or sac is divided into a number of six-sided cells—of which the arrangement is exceedingly regular and beautiful, resembling that of a honeycomb. After the food has remained in this a short time, the animal begins to take up a portion of it into his mouth, and chew it over; when he has done this a while he swallows the morsel as before, but instead of turning to the right or left as before, it passes on to a third cavity, which is divided by longitudinal partitions into numerous chambers. Here it remains a while, undergoing operations with which we are unacquainted, and then passes on to the fourth cavity, or true stomach. This process is called ruminating—and the animal while thus employed appears to be musing, or meditating. The final cause or purpose of such a complicated process is not very well ascertained. It is evident that the digestion is thus more complete—but this would not appear to be absolutely necessary, because the horse and other animals that live upon grass do not have this. It is true that the horse has the upper fore teeth which the ruminating animals do not, but this difference seems hardly sufficient to require such an important change. The ancients had an odd notion on this subject. They imagined that by this operation the animal was enabled to do without these teeth, and that the materials which should have furnished these were used for horses, which belong to ruminating animals in general. Others have supposed that as these animals were generally a pacific and timid race, this contrivance enabled them to collect their food in less time, and then to retire to some shelter to finish the process. But they are not all timid—the buffalo of India attacks and sometimes vanquishes the lion—and the wild goat, though timid, usually feeds on heights which are inaccessible to beasts of prey. On the whole, therefore, we may conclude that we have yet to learn the principal reason of this arrangement.—*Massachusetts Plowman.*

Saved from Death by Presence of Mind

There was witnessed, yesterday afternoon, one of the most remarkable instances of presence of mind on the part of a lady we have ever heard of. At about 5 o'clock as a large number of picnickers from Badger's Park were waiting for the train to take them to this city, a young lady about twenty years of age, escorted by a young man of about the same age, started to walk across the trestle-work opposite the park. At this point there is a sweeping curve in the railroad track, and when a train is approaching it cannot be seen until within a short distance of the station. The lady and gentleman had proceeded about thirty yards on the trestle-work when a gravel train came round the curve at a high rate of speed. The engineer saw the situation, and whistled down brakes, but it was impossible to stop the train in time to save them. The pair started to run for the solid ground, but it was an impossibility to reach it before the train, and the large crowd held its breath, expecting every moment to see two mangled forms. The lady, who did not lose her presence of mind for a second, saw her danger, and shouting to her companion, immediately opped through the trestle-work and caught hold of one of the sleepers with her hands just as the huge engine passed over her head, with scarcely twelve inches of space between them. The man followed suit, and the two remained suspended until the long train passed on, when a number of gentlemen rushed forward and rescued them from their perilous position, and brought them to terra firma. The young lady had not received any bruises, but had her dress and sacque torn in several places when dropping down between the sleepers. Her companion received several bruises, and his wardrobe will require the aid of a tailor. The escape was indeed a marvelous one, and the brave, cool headed young lady was the heroine on the home trip.—*San Francisco Call, Sept. 10.*

Vegetables for Fall Planting.

A few of the vegetables require autumn planting. Asparagus is a hard seed, slow to germinate, and is best sown late, just before winter sets in, and an early strong growth will be the result next season. Lettuce, sown from September to November, will make strong, early plants, either for maturing where they are sown, or for transplanting. A little protection from a frame, or something of the kind, will aid in the growth of plants during the winter. Spinach, for spring use, should be planted early enough in the autumn to give good, stocky plants before very severe frosts, and then you will have spinach when it is needed—very early in the spring. To secure very early cabbage and cauliflower, it is a good plan to sow seed in the autumn, in the seed-bed, and before winter protect these beds with a frame of boards, something after the manner of a cold-frame, covering the top lightly with straw for the winter. It is still better to make what is called a pit, that is, a bed sunk about eighteen inches in the ground, and the top covered with straw or matting in severe weather. In this way good plants will be secured ready to be put out at the opening of spring, about the time cabbage seed is usually sown, and a very early crop will be the result. Care must be taken not to confine the plants too much, and air should be given freely on every fine and sunny day. A little too much cold is better than a little too much warmth.—*Vick's Guide.*

Poisonous Undershirts.

Well authenticated instances of poisoning, resulting from wearing fabrics colored by some of the dyes in common use are by no means unusual. A highly intelligent gentleman, B. P., Esq., of Byfield, Mass., called a few weeks ago to consult us regarding his own case, which was of so serious a nature as to cause much alarm, not only to himself but to his family.

He had a few days previous purchased some new undershirts of cotton, colored with various tints, among which aniline red predominated. In a short time after putting on the garment, a peculiar eruption of an irritating nature appeared on the portion of the body covered by the cloth. The effects were not merely local, but to a considerable extent constitutional, pain and uneasiness being experienced in the back and lower extremities. In proof that the eruption was caused by the dye colors, it may be stated that a portion of the garment about the upper part of the chest was lined with linen on the under side, and wherever this came in contact with the skin, no eruption or redness appeared. The gentleman had worn cotton stockings, upon the upper portion of which there was woven in the fabric a narrow line of red. Beneath this band of red, around the leg, appeared a corresponding band of irritated skin after wearing the hose one day. The poisonous influence of the dye colors in this case cannot be disputed. It is not probable that the number of persons is large who possess such idiosyncrasies of constitution as to be easily poisoned by dye colors, but that there are some does not admit of a doubt.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

The Schooling of Life.

That this life is a stage on which to develop the human soul is scarcely to be doubted. All our good thing are evolved from the conditions of human life. The evolution of faculty into conduct and into character; the fixing of principles in a man's life, so that they become powers in him—these things are accomplished by the schooling of life itself. No man inherits activity, enterprise, foresight, justice, benevolence, the finer feelings. They are developed in him by training; and it is a training for which this world is specially adapted. It is a good grinding world. It is a good sharpening world. It is a good stimulating world. It is not a restful world altogether. It is a world that wakes men up, and by ten thousand necessities on every side couples them to think, and to think far ahead; to forbear, and to deny themselves; to restrain self-indulgence; to consider others as well as themselves; to combine thoughts and to systematize them. It is a world which is educating men into practical philosophy and economy. The world, by its very necessities, engenders in men these virtuous traits; and it is fair, since it does so universally, to say that it was designed to do so.—*H. W. Beecher.*

—Nebraska's new laws impose fines for profane swearing done by "any person of the age of fourteen years and upwards.' Children under fourteen may blaspheme gratuitously as before.